

The Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor.
THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1867.

WANTED.—We want two copies of No. 3 of the *Holmes County Republican*, to complete our files, for which we will give 10 cents each.

Why is Governor Geary like old carpets at house-cleaning time? Because he was on the fence and got well beaten out.

The latest news from California, indicates that the gold yield is uniform, but the financial troubles are very great. The State Treasurer has defaulted to a large amount.

Immigration is setting strongly toward Nebraska Territory, and the emigrants already settled return gratifying accounts of their progress.

Our readers will do well to beware of \$5 bills on the Union Bank of New London, Conn. They are well executed, and calculated to deceive.

VIRGINIA.—The Virginia ultra press is very severe in its comments upon the project now before the Legislature of New York for the settlement of Virginia lands by Northern Companies.

The substance of a verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was, "Death by hanging—round a run-shop." That has been the death of many a man.

BACHELORS LOOKING UP.—President Buchanan seems to have a penchant for bachelors. The new Collector and the new Surveyor of the port of New York are both, like himself, confirmed bachelors, and both men of wealth.

The Boston Journal states that the Rev. Mr. Kallioch, who was the late defendant in the trial for the crime of adultery, "has concluded, from the sense of duty which has an overbearing weight in his own mind, to abandon the field of the ministry, and to commence the study of law."

Mrs. Emerson, a Northern lady, has stirred up the people of Sumter, S. C. She announced a public lecture, but was stopped while speaking, and her baggage was afterward searched. It is said that abolition documents were found. The editor of the *Carolina Times* proposes that the lady be tarred and feathered.

The old friends and customers of Mr. John E. Kohn, will rejoice to learn that he has resumed the Mercantile business at the old corner, in Millersburg. His stock is all new and of the best quality. See advertisement in another column.

Attention is also directed to the advertisement of Mrs. Wink.

Next week CASKEY & IGLES, will be on hands with their advertisement.

Gov. Geary has left Washington for his home in Pennsylvania. Before he left, Mr. Buchanan desired his address, as there might be some future occasion for his services. It is understood that Geary's intention, after a brief residence in Westmoreland county, is to revisit Washington. He says now that he would have accepted a re-appointment as Governor of Kansas, had it been offered to him with the same absolute powers with which it is proposed to clothe Mr. Walker.

The Democrats of Warren county, in Pennsylvania, drove off their former editor, because he was inclined to favor the freedom of Kansas, and he is now publishing a Republican paper in Newark, Ohio. His successor was one John Dailey, who, because Warren was a strong Republican county, was disposed to temper with mildness the pro-slavery of the Buchanan platform; but he has, in turn, been driven off, and he charges the Democratic leaders of that county with having tried to bribe him to endorse their ultra pro-slavery policy.

ABOUT CHINA.—China continues to occupy the attention of the administration. Since it has been known in Washington that the British Government has appointed Lord Elgin as minister plenipotentiary to China, our government has determined to send one thither at an early day, but owing to the great distance of China, and the time that will necessarily be involved in receiving and transmitting official communications, the administration is solicitous in selecting a minister in whom the utmost confidence can be placed, and who will be governed by the wise discretion, considering the general interests involved, including our increasing commerce in that part of the world.

WASHINGTON CITY.—The news of the week is chiefly political and official in its character, mixed up with rumors and flying reports very untrustworthy and unsatisfactory. The President is beset by hundreds of applicants for place, and his health, which has not been robust since the affair at the National Hotel, has in a measure succumbed beneath the trials to which he is exposed. The only important appointment yet made is that of Mr. Walker, as Governor of Kansas. The question of the dismissal of Brigham Young from the Governorship of Utah, is understood to have been seriously discussed. Brigham, however, declares that he will never resign his office, and that any attempt to oust him will be met by determined resistance. The affair of the trial are fast becoming complicated.

School Commissioner's Circular.
We have received a circular from the State School Commissioner, in which he gives notice of his intention to spend most of the time April 8 to July 20 in traveling and lecturing throughout the State. In regard to the counties to be visited, and the times, it is, however, so indefinite that its publication would convey no information.

He says, for instance: "During that time I hope to visit the eastern and southern portions of the State, including the counties of Ashtabula, Lake, Geauga, Cuyahoga," etc. These are the northernmost counties in Ohio, and whether he designs to say that he will visit these in addition to the eastern and southern portions of the State, or whether he regards them eastern and southern counties, we have no means of ascertaining. But to make it more definite he adds: "Some of these counties I may be obliged to pass by in my tour, and others not here named, I doubtless shall visit."

Our Southern countrymen, who are now drumming up emigrants for Kansas, had better direct that emigration to Missouri, for the latter seems to be, by the St. Louis Emancipation vote, a little more in need than Kansas. The sign of that St. Louis vote is one of the most significant of the day, and means more than "Dred Scott," or "Bleeding Kansas," or anything else that has been got up, or that has come up.

We see by the St. Louis Democrat, the emancipation organ—that the principle upon which this great emancipation vote has been won in St. Louis, was an appeal to the free white foreign Irish, German and French labor of that great city against the slave negroes, with whom, in labor, they come into competition upon the quays of St. Louis, and elsewhere in the city. The very same issue is impending, and may be made at any day, in Richmond and Norfolk, and Portsmouth, (Va.); Charleston, S. C.; Mobile, and New Orleans,—in the latter city very effectually. It is the principle of free white labor in the streets and workshops, against the competition of slave labor, which is hired out by the master from its natural and appropriate place—the fields,—to the cities.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The election returns from Connecticut are scattering, owing to the storm, which has also diminished the vote. The opinion is that the so-called Union State ticket has been successful. The Union candidates for the Legislature are probably elected. To Congress, Mr. Clarke, in the Hartford District, and Mr. Dean, in the New London District,—both Union—are elected. The Fairfield District is doubtful, nothing having been heard from the Litchfield part of it, but it is supposed Mr. Arnold, administration, is elected. Of the three Senators in this county, the Union party have probably elected Peters in the Sixth District, and the administration party English in the Fourth District, and perhaps Spencer, in the Fifth District.

I Love Rum.
A young man fell dead in the streets, in New York, on Thursday last, who for years had been an inveterate drinker. His name was GEORGE B. SMITH. The *Tribune* says:

He belonged to a respectable family in Massachusetts, but owing to an unfortunate love affair, was compelled to leave his native village. On his right arm he had tattooed his name and a figure of two hearts pierced by a dart. On his left arm, the words, "I love Rum," in large letters, were tattooed. He died of epilepsy, produced by intemperance.

"I love Rum" is tattooed upon the faces of many in the streets of every city and town, but there are few of those carrying that sign, who ever read those words on their own faces, yet see it plainly on a comrade's visage. And yet, if ever language was engraved with a pen of iron, these wretched words, "I love Rum," are written by the pen of an inward fire upon the features of every one of Rum's victims.

Is there any hope of Justice from Walker?
One or two papers, nominally Republican, have endeavored to create the belief that Robt. J. Walker will deal justly with the Free State men of Kansas; but the great mass of Republican journals think otherwise. We quote, below, from two papers whose opinion in the premises is entitled to the greatest weight—the *National Era* and the *Philadelphia North American*.

The Era says:
"A new Governor has been appointed, a Southern man, and with him a Southern Secretary of State, in place of Woodson, the present incumbent. Neither Robert J. Walker, however, nor Frederick P. Stanton, the gentlemen appointed, is classed among the leading ultraists of their party, and we are not disposed to pre-judge their official conduct. Yet it is safe to say that Gov. Walker's administration will necessarily operate unjustly against the Free State cause. However honorable may be his purposes, his hands are tied, and he will be compelled, as Geary himself would be, to sanction the proceedings of the Border Ruffian Legislature, and so far as he can, to carry out an act which will impose on an unwilling people a Constitution abhorrent to their opinions, and which they can have no hand in framing."

The North American, a prudent and cautious paper, is no less explicit:
"So far as we can now see, the election under the last law passed by the bogus legislature will be held with the sanction of the U. S. authorities, will be a fraudulent affair from beginning to end, will be entirely managed so as to return none but pro-slavery men, and a State Constitution legalizing slavery, will be formed. No provision has been made for submitting such a document to the popular vote, but if there had been, it would not amount to much, as the same fraudulent lists of voters used for the election of members of the Convention would serve the purpose of excluding all votes against it."

The Original Dred Scott a Resident of St. Louis—Sketch of His History.

The distinguished colored individual who has made such a noise in the world in the case of Scott against Sanford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri Compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott—is a resident, not a citizen, of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years ago.

Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged to Captain Peter Blow, the father of Henry C. Blow and Taylor Blow of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years ago, and in the course of time became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rock Island and Fort Snelling, on the ground of which he based his claim to freedom.

The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss Sanford, and is now Mrs. Chaffee, wife of the Hon. Mr. Chaffee of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has had four children by his present wife—two boys, both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a "good man."

On his return from Mexico, he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the cost, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred being informed that he was entitled to his freedom by the operation of the laws regulating the North West Territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred \$500 in cash, besides labor to a nearly equal amount. It has given him a "cheap" trouble," he says, and if he had known that "it was going to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, an executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not exactly in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of such importance. He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartily when talking of "de fussy day make 'dar in Washington 'bout de nigger."

He is about fifty-five years old, we should think, though he does not know his own age. He is of unmixed African blood, and as black as a piece of charcoal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint upon his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt, he could gain his freedom at a much less cost than even one-tenth of the expense of the famous suit. He declares that he will stick to his mistress as long as he lives. His daughters, Eliza and Lucy, less conscientious about the matter, took advantage of the absence of restraint on their movements, a year or two since, to disappear, and their whereabouts remain a mystery.

Dred though illiterate, is not ignorant. He has traveled considerable, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his journeyings. He is anxious to know who owns him, being ignorant whether he is the property of Miss Chaffee or Mr. Sanford, though we presume there is no doubt that the former is his real owner. He seems tired of running about, with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says, grinningly, that he could make thousands of dollars, if allowed, by traveling over the country and telling who he is.

Down on Geary.

The administration papers are beginning to pitch into Gov. Geary, as an instance of which read the following from the Washington *Star* of the 7th:

"Gov. Geary, according to the newspapers, is engaged at the North in retailing to the letter writers of the Abolition press his budget of slanders upon the people of Kansas, who would not or could not see the propriety of throwing overboard those who had proved themselves worthy, and uniting upon him as one of their candidates for the United States Senate from Kansas when admitted into the Union as a State. In Chicago, according to one of his correspondence, he went a few inches further than in Washington, and abused the administration as roundly as, while here, he contented himself with abusing those whose offense was denouncing his plans of personal advancement, and to his efforts to palliate the murder of poor young Sherrod, and to screen his immediate coteries the riders and abettors as well as principals in the perpetration of that cowardly and heartless act."

He evidently aims to become a second Reeder in the estimation of abolitionists; the "original Jacobs" have died out politically, like the dirty stuff of a dip candle. His (Reeder's) light is no more seen in the newspapers, while even the offensive odor of his career in Kansas generated in the nostrils of an honest people who are not crazed on the slavery question, is well nigh entirely forgotten. Geary is to be their next grand agitator; and not being endowed, like his distinguished predecessor with a gift of gab, he essays to make his desired abolition capital through the pens of writers for the Free Soil press, rather than upon the stump. That he is in the current year to be bubbled into a hero—though he did run away from Kansas on the first occasion—wherein the stuff he is made of was tested—is already apparent. Our impression is that he is destined to make even a poorer hero than Reeder was. That he will never become more than a five days'—not a nine days' wonder.

By the by, he tells the truth in asserting that the administration rejected his advice with reference to Kansas affairs. That's evident in the selections so recently made of new federal officers for the Territory, every man of whom is a Democrat of the right stamp; entertaining no sympathy with abolitionism, and evidently opposed to all of Geary's schemes for his personal political advancement."

Every morning Mrs. Cunningham's little boys are seen with a basket as heavy as they can lift, containing articles prepared by their sisters, given to the toms to lighten the heart and cheer the spirits of their mother.

Confession and Sentence of Ward.

Return J. M. Ward, convicted of murdering his wife, has been sentenced to be hung on the 12th of June next at Toledo. Previous to receiving his sentence, Ward made a confession, which we copy from the Toledo *Commercial*. It is supposed that the confession was made with a view of influencing the Court to make his crime man-slaughter. As has been seen, the attempt was futile.

On Tuesday evening, February 24, Mrs. Ward and myself had some words, during which Mrs. Ward struck me on the neck with a fluid lamp, also on the right side of the nose, causing the same to bleed freely. I begged her not to strike me, took the lamp away from her and went to bed. We arose between 6 and 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning. I spoke to her about the blow she had struck me, showing her where she had struck me on the evening previous, also the blood on the bolster and tick. She said she wished I had bled to death, and picking up a stick of hickory wood, she attempted to strike me. I warded off the blow, which fell on my right thumb, laming it severely. The stick fell from her hand, and as she stooped to pick it up I seized a flat-iron, and in the heat of passion struck her on the right side of the head upon and under the ear, driving the ear-rings into the flesh. She fell to the floor, exclaiming, "Oh! Ward, you have killed me!" I dropped the flat-iron and ran to her, she was lying on her side; I turned her over on her back, and placed a petticoat under her head, supposing she was only stunned. I used all my power to restore her, but in half an hour she died, having only spoken once, "O, my Nellie," meaning, as I suppose, her little girl.

After she was dead, I wrapped her head in a petticoat and drew the body under the bed, to conceal it in case anybody should come in. About half past 8 o'clock, Wm. Nathan, a mulatto boy, came to the door with some milk; came in, took the milk from him, and he left. I then went to Liba Allen's grocery; bought a pound of sugar; told him I was going away. I then went to the house, and after a short time commenced cutting up the body. I tore the clothes open from the throat down. I then took a small pocket knife and opened the body, took out the bowels first, and then put them in the stove, upon the wood; they being filled with air would make a noise in exploding; so I took my knife and pricked holes through them to prevent the noise; then took out the liver and the heart and put them in the stove; found it very difficult to burn them; had to take the poker and frequently stir them before they could be destroyed; found the lungs very much decayed. I then took the blood remaining in the cavity of the body, by placing a copper kettle close to the same and scooping it out with my hands. I then dipped portions of her clothing in the same, and burnt it together, fearing if I put the blood in the stove alone, it might be discovered.

I then made an incision through the flesh, along down each side, broke off the ribs and took out the breast bone, and throwing it into a large boiler, unjointed the arms at the shoulders, doubled them up and placed them in the boiler; then severed the remaining portions of the body, by placing a stick of wood under the back, and breaking the back bone over the same, cutting away the flesh and ligament with a knife. Then tried to sever the head from the body; it proving ineffectual, I put the whole upper portion of the body into the boiler. Then took a large carving knife and severed the lower portion of the body, and severed the legs at the knees and again at the hip joint; cut the thighs open and took out the bones and burnt them up; they burned very rapidly.

On Thursday night I commenced burning the body, by placing the upper and back portions of the same together with the head in the stove. On Friday morning, finding it had not been consumed, I built a large fire by placing wood around and under it and in a short time it was wholly consumed, except some small portions of the larger bones and of the skull. The remaining portions of the body were kept in the boiler and in tins, under the bed, covered up with a corded petticoat, and were there at the time the first search was made on Saturday, by Constable Curtis. Hearing on Saturday evening the citizens were not satisfied with the search made by Mr. Curtis, I proceeded on Sunday morning to destroy the remainder of the body, by burning the same in the stove, cutting the fleshy parts of the thighs in small strips, the more readily to dispose of them.

On Monday morning I took up the ashes in a keg, sifting out the larger pieces of bone with my hands, placing the same in my over coat pockets, which I scattered in the fields, at different times. Also took the major portion of the trunk nails, together with the hinges, and scattered them in different places. I then burned her trunk and every vestige of her clothing, disposing of small portions at a time, to prevent their creating too much smoke.

Catastrophe.

About a quarter past ten o'clock last night the new boiler of the *Sentinel* office, which had just been put up, and was being tried for the first time, exploded. The engineer and one or two others were standing by at the moment; several hands were in the job rooms, and two or three in the press room. The explosion dashed several of the men from the boiler room into the press room, blew the boiler and a portion of the chimney through the intervening wall, forced out the greater part of the east wall of the wing, and let the floor of the two upper stories down, with all the types and material in them, making a scene of ruin and confusion unparalleled in our experience. The noise of the explosion was a deep, dull roar, and shook the buildings for squares around. When we reached the scene of the disaster we found the press room, and the ground floor, a mass of broken presses, laths, joists, and plaster, full of steam and smoke.

The wall that had not yet been blown down was forced a foot or two out of the perpendicular, the floors all crashed into a mass at the bottom, with a portion of the boiler underneath, and worst of all the body of a man crushed and blackened under the boiler. After a great deal of effort the heavy iron mass was removed, and a boy named George Homan, taken out horribly crushed and quite dead. Mr. Randall, the foreman of the news room, was badly hurt, as was a boy named Fred Mulderger, also Frank Schuyler, Jacob Lex, and a son of Mr. Daugherty, one of the proprietors. None of these were dangerously hurt.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Persecution of Mr. Van Meter.

Our readers will remember that the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, who had been so instrumental in finding homes for the friendless, was complained of in Illinois and fined by the Court in the sum of \$100, on a charge of bringing paupers into that State. The charge is appealed, and another trial will be had. It is due to this self-sacrificing man that the people should be properly informed, as the charge that Rev. Mr. Van Meter brings out paupers is not true; that is, they are not paupers which would become a town charge, and hence not paupers in the legal sense of the word. The Children's Aid Society, for whom these children have been taken West, is an institution regularly organized and entirely responsible, and not only able but willing to take back any child which will not pay its own way.

The prosecution against the Rev. gentleman was malicious, and was instituted for revenge on the part of a man who had received one of these children, second hand, and from whose care it was taken by Mr. Van Meter because the man was not a fit guardian for any child. The child not become a town charge, but a false bill was trumped up and presented to the Poor Master, after Mr. Van Meter's arrest. The Justice of the Peace held, that because the children were paupers in New York they were so in Illinois. A re-hearing before a more intelligent tribunal will no doubt correct the blunders of the inferior Court before which Van M. was arraigned. In his appeal for aid, Mr. Van Meter concludes thus:

We do not intend to wrong or violate any law, but what ought we to do in cases like the following?

A beautiful little Yankee girl, sixteen months old has just been given to us. A bright little German boy eight years old was brought yesterday by his brother, an orphan. To-day, two unusually handsome and intelligent little American boys, five and seven years old, were given to us. They are for adoption. If good men in Illinois send to us for them will it be wrong to send them? Shall I risk the \$100 fine for taking "paupers" into the State, or shall I leave them to live in the Five Points, or go to the Almshouse? What answer do you give, Mr. Editor—Reader? So far as I am concerned, I have but one answer to make—"When a poor, homeless, friendless child comes to us for sympathy and protection, and a kind home is offered to it in Illinois, or any other place, may God do so to me and my children, and much more, if I do not send it."

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S JOURNEY TO ITALY.—A Rome correspondent writes:—"Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the celebrated authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is at present in Rome, after a somewhat disastrous journey both by land and sea. Mrs. Stowe left Marseilles on the 14th inst., by the Calabrese steamer, and followed the coasting route by Genoa and Leghorn without mishap until Tuesday evening, when about 11 o'clock, between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, most of the passengers having retired to their berths, a violent concussion gave intimation of something having gone amiss. The steamer had come into collision with a coasting vessel; the captain and the second officer were both below, and the accident would have been far more serious had not a British naval officer, a passenger on board the Calabrese, perceived from the deck, the dangerous vicinity of the other vessel, and instantly gave the signal to stop the steamer, which direction was fortunately followed by the engineer. "As soon as the collision took place, the captain and his officers rushed upon deck, followed by the delighted passengers, in various stages of toilet; boats were hoisted out to ascertain the amount of damage inflicted upon the smaller vessel, which not appearing to be very serious, the steamer continued her voyage after half an hour's delay. One of the paddle-wheels, however, had been so much injured as to give way entirely soon after, and Calabrese only reached Civita Vecchia in a very crippled condition, at noon the following day, instead of early in the morning. Mrs. Stowe was not fortunate by land, for one of the wheels of the carriage in which she was proceeding to Rome came off in the neighborhood of Palo, and the efforts of the driver to substitute a linchpin were for a long time singularly unsuccessful; nor was his ultimate contrivance at all a durable one, for the offending wheel came off a second time in the streets of Rome, the carriage was upset, and the travelers rescued from the wreck were obliged to sit upon their luggage in the middle of the street until the shattered vehicle was hauled off and conveyances procured to take them to their respective lodgings. Mrs. Stowe proposes remaining a few weeks in Rome, previous to visiting Naples."

Gen. Cass, the Eastern papers inform us, is sick, and confined to his bed. The probability is that he will soon retire from his place. The correspondent of the *Philadelphia North American* writes:

The conviction is very decidedly here that Gen. Cass will not remain long in the Department of State, and it is shared by men who have access to the best information."

It has always been manifest to those who have bestowed any attention upon diplomatic affairs, that neither age, his habits, or his training, fitted him for this responsible and laborious station. In the Senate, he was accustomed to take his ease; now he is compelled to labor, whether equal to the toil or not. The constant requirements of new and complicated issues must be met, and with all the good disposition which Gen. Cass may bring to their investigation, he lacks the physical stamina to answer these unceasing demands. In council upon the public policy he has not fulfilled the expectations of his colleagues, who, at a distance, were accustomed to regard him as among the wisest and most sagacious of living statesmen. These and other deficiencies have made their impression, and tended to confirm the belief that a vacancy in the Premiership must happen at no distant day. Upon entering office Gen. Cass said he should not hold it for the term, and the idea gained currency that the President and himself did not much disagree in regard to the duration of the tenure."

There was a bad accident on the Wabash Valley Road yesterday morning near Wabash, caused by the breaking of an axle. Eight cars were more or less broken up, and one poor fellow lost his life. He was the son of Alexander Smith, a young man about 17 years old.—*Toledo Blade*.

An Albany editor thinks his property in that city would have been carried away by the late flood had it not been for the heavy mortgages on it.

Extraordinary Strength.

The *Troy Times* of the 6th recounts a singular trial of strength, which took place in that city between James Madison, "the cast iron man," and Professor Carl, the "strongest man in America." The challenge for a trial of strength sent by Carl, having been accepted, a large assembly witnessed the performance:

Previous to the trial, Prof. Carl gave an exhibition of magic and ventriloquism, performed his celebrated feats upon his chin, and performed other feats calling for an exercise of strength, which must have wearied him somewhat. Mr. Madison then appeared—held an anvil weighing two hundred and fourteen pounds upon his breast, while two men struck upon it with sledges, an anvil upon each knee; broke a number of stones with his fist; bent a bar of iron by striking it over his arm, and held an anvil weighing about two hundred pounds upon each arm, while men struck upon it with sledges.

Prof. Carl then appeared, held the anvil upon his breast; bent the bar of iron almost double upon his arm; held the anvil upon his arms, etc., for a longer period than Mr. Madison had done. He then took the large flin, stones which had been cracked in two a flag stone about large enough to serve as a stepping-block for a door. After this he held one of the heavy anvils over his head for forty-one seconds; lifted a sixty pound upon his little finger and swung it around his head, and held two men on his hair while he whirled them about, top fashion, until their feet struck out at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Mr. Madison was then called out to the audience, and requested to give an account of himself. He excused himself in the matter of the stones by saying that his rival was in constant practice, while he had not broken a stone for a year. Being urged to swing the weight about his head, he declined to do it, on the score of inability; and as Professor Carl had not held the anvil on his knees. In short, heavily acknowledged himself a whipped man."

The Spiritual Hand.

"Come, let me clasp thee."

Mr. Willis, a student of divinity in Harvard University, has, for a year or two past, been figuring as a fourth-proof spiritual medium in Cambridge, Boston, Salem, and various other places in Massachusetts. His reputation was so excellent as to induce Professor Eustis, of the Lawrence Scientific School, and other gentlemen connected with the University, to attend one of his private circles in Boston, last week. Solemnly formed itself around the table the circle of converts, impressive ladies, incredulous professors and medium Willis. For a time everything went on successfully. The table was moved, the raps were distinctly given, and some remarkable disclosures of fact and doctrine made. But a few of the company were not quite satisfied, and Mr. Willis was anxious to astonish the learned professors with a higher proof of his prowess.

The lights were extinguished and the circle waited, "in solemn silence all." Presently, Miss A., who is a bit of a convert to the new faith, was sure that a spiritual hand had touched her; then Miss B. felt the ghostly fingers. Slowly the spiritual hand stole around the circle, until it reached Professor Eustis. "A touch had sufficed the others, but he was anxious to make the stranger's better acquaintance. With true Yankee warmth he kept shaking it, grasping the shadowy flesh more and more tightly. The fingers struggled to free themselves, but the Professor held on till the lights were lit, and he saw himself clutching Mr. Willis' naked foot. Miss A. went into spiritual hysterics, and the circle broke up in confusion.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Mr. Willis has since been expelled from the University.

European News.

The Niagara, at Halifax, brings dates down to the 28th ult. The news is interesting. All England is up to the ears in electioneering for the new Parliament; and so far, Palmerston—as everybody expected—comes out ahead. The *entente cordiale* with Louis Napoleon, we see, has a new manifestation, in the voluntary cession to France of Bonaparte's tomb at St. Helena, along with Longwood, where the Emperor lived. Things thus turn out curiously. St. Helena, which the Frenchmen were used to mention but with a malediction, or "perfidious Albion," is now come to forgive a fresh link in the chain that holds the two nations in common friendship together.

We have an important rumor (if true) from China, via Calcutta,—that the Emperor condemns the proceedings of the Governor of Canton,—and is inclined to make peace with the English.

There has been a battle in Persia,—the British coming off,—as they were sure to do,—victoriously.

Indian Massacre.

A private letter from Fort Dodge, Iowa, dated March 23d, gives an account of a horrible massacre by Indians near the head waters of the Des Moines river. A settlement consisting of about twenty families were shot and clubbed. Only two families were saved, and fourteen bodies found in and near the two dwellings. It is supposed the whole settlement shared the same unhappy fate, or were dragged into captivity. A meeting of the citizens of Fort Dodge was called upon the receipt of the news, and one hundred men were expected to march next day to take vengeance upon the Indians and reclaim captives, if any. If the above be correct, there is a necessity for government troops in that quarter.

EXEMPLARY DAMAGES.—Miss Eunice C. Hall has obtained a verdict of \$5000 against George W. Carne, a wealthy brewer of Detroit, for breach of promise of marriage. The *Detroit Advertiser* gives the following particulars of the case:

About the 18th of August, 1856, Miss H. came from her residence at the "East," to this city, on a visit to her sister, the wife of Vincent J. Scott Esq. At Suspension Bridge she was met in the cars by M. Carne, who introduced himself and accompanied her to Detroit. He was invited by the family of Mr. Scott to call at their house while the lady remained, which he did. Mr. Scott testifies, almost every other day, in the afternoon or evening—Sunday evenings invariably. He attended church with her, and escorted her to concerts, and on several occasions rode out with her. These attentions continued from August to the beginning of November—his last call being about November 2d.

The Massacre of White Settlers at Spirit Lake.

In confirmation of the intelligence published yesterday, in reference to the massacre of white settlers at Spirit Lake, we have received the following letter from a reliable gentleman at Mankato:—*St. Paul Democrat*.

MANKATO, March 22, '57.
According to the report of Mr. Markham, of Spirit Lake, in this Territory, a shocking affair took place there on the 9th of this month. Spirit Lake is about fifteen miles from Springfield, on the Des Moines River, in a south westerly course, and near the Iowa line. Mr. Markham had been to the Des Moines River to see after his oxen, which were there feeding upon rushes, and in going home got bewildered and hungry, and started for the nearest house. Upon reaching it he found the door and windows broken out, and on the inside upon the floor lay the body of an old lady.

A short distance from the house, upon the snow, he found a boy about twelve years of age, who was also dead. A short distance from the body of the boy he found that of a girl, partially devoured by the dogs. He says that he visited four other houses where families had been living, but no person was there; everything in the house was thrown over the floor. He started for the next house, expecting to stay all night, but found several Indian tents pitched before the door, and the house filled with Indians. He, being fatigued, crept into a snow bank, and hid until morning, when he started for the settlement at Springfield.

They, finding that he was in earnest about his story, and swearing to its correctness, immediately dispatched two men for Fort Ridgely, who succeeded in raising fifty soldiers to come to their assistance.—The men are in this place this evening, and will start for Des Moines River in the morning. The soldiers will camp for the night at South Bend. We have heard Indian stories before, but we are inclined, from the source, to believe this to be true.

AN OUTLET OF LAKE ONTARIO.—Mr. H. Skeel, of South Butler, N. Y., sends the *Tribune* a very curious and interesting statement. Premising the account of his "discovery" with the generally supposition that the surface level of Lake Ontario was, ages ago, several hundred feet higher than its waters submerged many miles of the country round, and which is now covered with cities and villages, he says:

"I have discovered the other outlet of this Lake when it occupied its ancient Territory and before the River St. Lawrence had a being. I have proofs incontrovertible on this point, and by them are convinced beyond a doubt, of the truth of what I have stated. This ancient outlet emptied the waters of Lake Ontario into the valley of the Mohawk, at or near the locality of Rome, Oneida county, thence into the valley of the Hudson, and from there into the Atlantic. This discovery is the result of actual observations made at the point of access from the ancient lake while I was located as pastor of a church in Northern New York."

\$20,000 PRIZE DRAWN BY A SLAVE.—Yesterday, in Louisville, a negro man, the property of I. R. Greene, a lawyer, drew the capital prize in the Kentucky State Lottery—\$20,000. He had, however, sold half the ticket to a young man of the name of Edward Thomas, a lottery-ticket vendor, and of course received but half the prize.—The master, on learning the luck of his slave, waived all claims to the property, but advised him to buy himself, his wife and two children. The darkey took him at his word, and paid \$600 for himself, and placed the money for his family in the hands of another person, to await the price offered by two arbitrators, chosen for that purpose.—*Cia. Gaz.*

The case of Mr. Willis, of South Carolina, who came to this city to manumit his children by a slave mother, and died on our wharf, leaving a will giving all his property to those children, and appointing John J. J. Esq., his executor, is well remembered. The will was contested, on the ground of alleged insanity of the testator, and in the Barwell District, S. C., was in October last, pronounced invalid.—It was carried up to the Court of Appeals, and letters were yesterday received in this city, stating that on Friday of last week, a jury, (of South Carolinians of course) had returned a verdict that the will was valid. *Cia. Commercial*.

PERSONATING ANOTHER PARTY IN MARRIAGE.—It is generally assumed that Eckel might very easily have been induced to personate Dr. Burdell in the marriage with Mrs. Cunningham. Perhaps so—but he must have been very ignorant of the law, which declares that "every person who shall falsely represent or personate another, and in such assumed character shall marry another, shall, upon conviction, be punished by imprisonment in a State Prison for a term not exceeding ten years." If he is guilty, remains the New York *Times*, the testimony of Mrs. C. and of her daughters would be available against him.

The Pennsylvania admits that Joseph I. Lewis, one of the republican candidates for Supreme Judge, is "a lawyer, of some considerable talent," but it objects to him on the ground that he is a "runagate democrat;" that is, his sense of justice was so profound he could not submit to the demands of the Slaveocracy. We like him all the better for that.—*Honest Democrat*.

While several negroes, belonging to Dr. Selby were engaged in clearing up an old field, situated in the upper portion of Liberty County, Mo., they killed, on about four acres of the field, twenty-one rattlesnakes and one moccasin snake!—Some of the first mentioned were of large size. This story is vouched for as true.